



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

4120
12 B

US
4/20
12 B

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



FROM THE LIBRARY OF
FRANKLIN P. RICE
of Worcester

The Gift of
MRS. MARY B. RICE

1922

*Respects of the Author
Artist, Painter & Binder
Albert Tyler*

Bennington:

The Battle and Centennial, 1777 . . 1877.

A Paper read before The Worcester Society of Antiquity, Dec. 4, 1877,

BY REV. ALBERT TYLER.

Edition limited to one hundred and fifty copies.

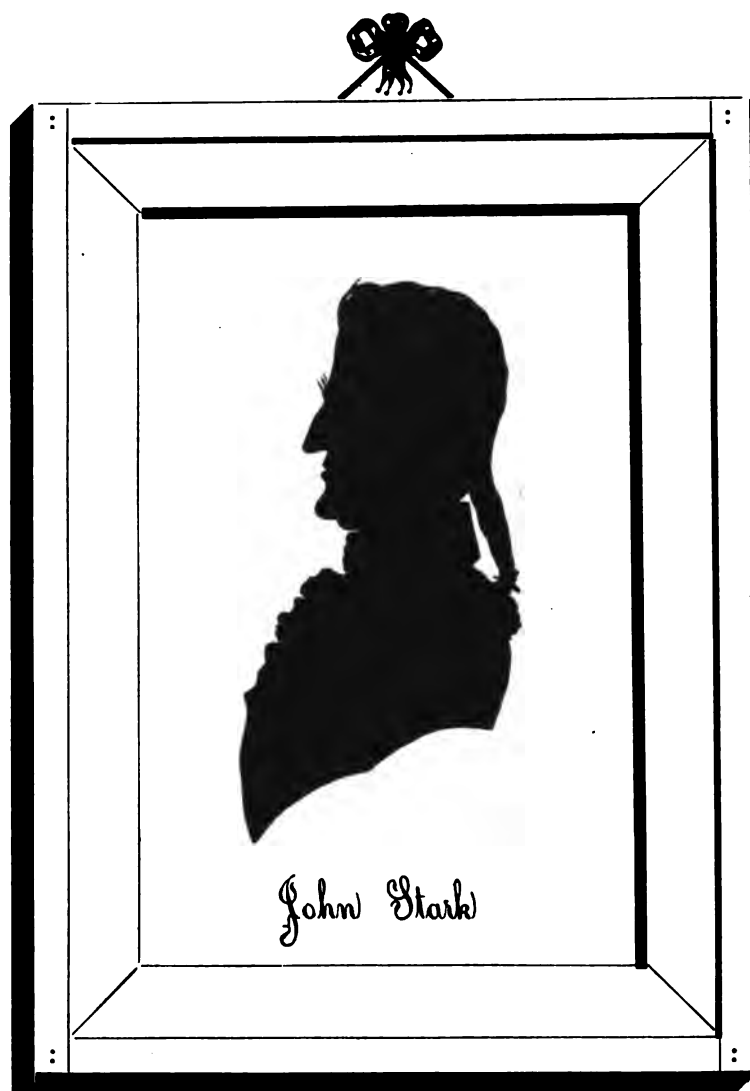


WORCESTER, MASS.

PRINTED BY TYLER & SEAGRAVE, SPY JOB OFFICE,

442 Main Street,

1878.

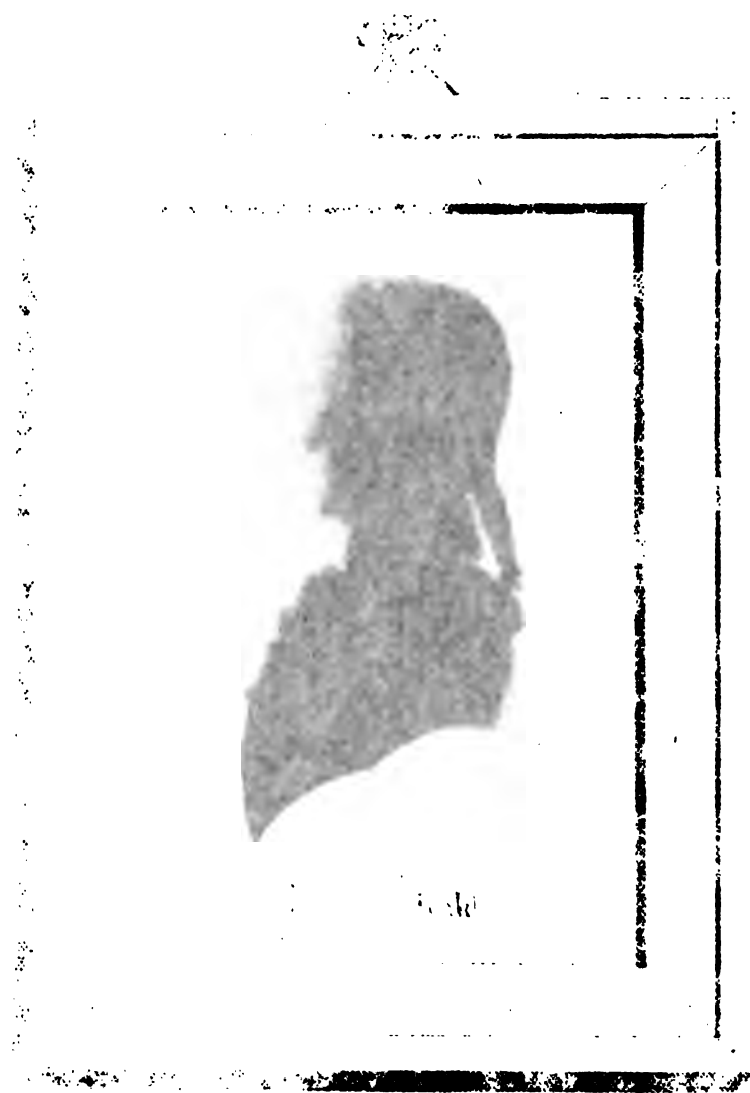


WASHINGTON:

1777.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF

WASHINGTON
THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF
WASHINGTON



BENNINGTON:

The Battles, 1777.

Centennial Celebration, 1877.

A PAPER

Read before THE WORCESTER SOCIETY OF ANTIQUITY, at its Regular
Monthly Meeting, December 4, 1877.

BY REV. ALBERT TYLER.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES.

WORCESTER:
TYLER & SEAGRAVE, PRINTERS.
1878.

US 4120.12F

B

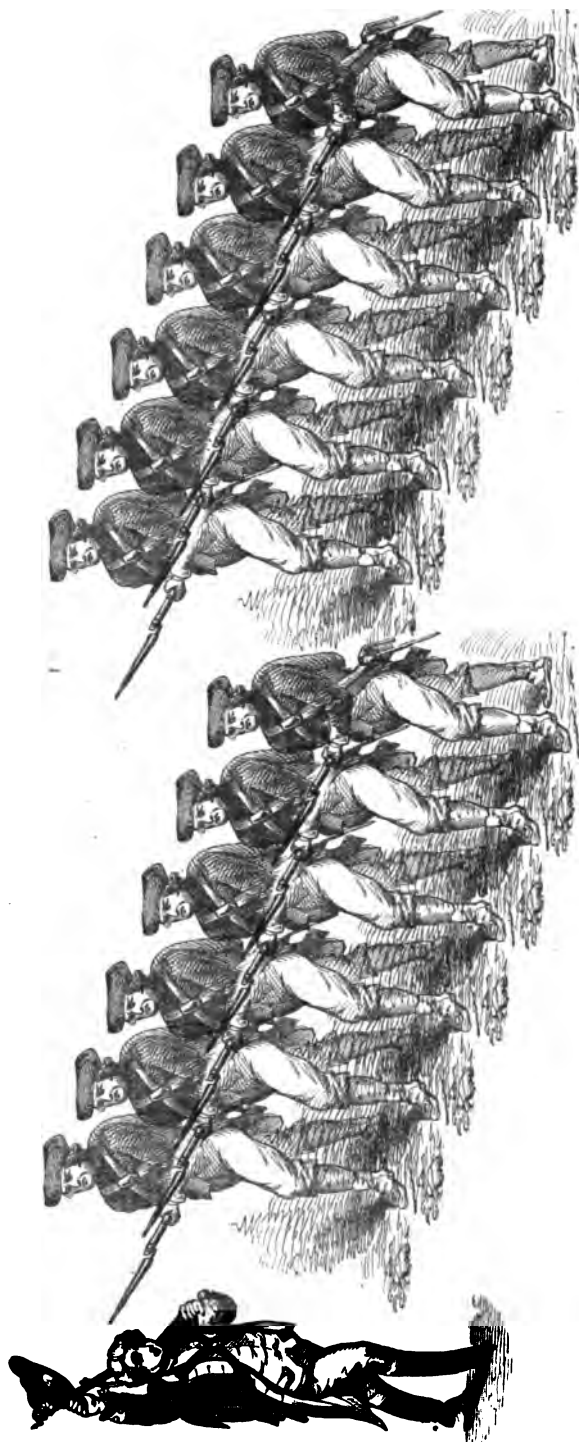
*

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
FRANKLIN P. RICE
GIFT OF
MRS. M. P. RICE
MAY 23, 1922

W

INTRODUCTORY.

The following paper was prepared for and read at a meeting of the WORCESTER SOCIETY OF ANTIQUITY. The purpose of the writer was, to embody in a brief space the account of the battle and the account of the celebration of its hundredth anniversary, with such other matter as would be appropriately descriptive of men and things concerning these events, both of the past and the present. So much has been published in the current publications of the times, which claims to be fact but which seems to be unauthoritative, that the best endeavor to clear the probable from the improbable may have failed in its design. The paper had for one of its objects the gathering up in a connective form for preservation, of a list of places and relics identified with the battle, and the hope is that it is nearly complete. Acknowledgment is due the Springfield Republican, the Bennington Banner, Geo. W. Robinson, Esq., and Rev. R. M. Luther of Bennington, and very many members of the Society of Antiquity who have manifested a friendly interest in the paper, for much valuable help in the undertaking. The many Notes have been added as the printing has progressed. The printing is after a style of its own in the relation of text and notes upon opposite pages, and in the style in some other respects of the ancient days. With all its purposes and designs, fulfilled or unfulfilled as they may be, the work is submitted to the readers of the very limited edition printed, in the hope it may fill a place among the records of the historical past.



Warner's Continentals to the rescue! "Charge Baggonet! March!"

The above picture is a combination of two cuts of a continental soldier found in most printing offices in these Centennial days. There are twelve impressions representing the platoons of soldiers from the cut on the cover of this book, one of the cut representing the officer, and one of this explanation—14 in all.

1. The first part of the paper
 discusses the general principles
 of the theory of the
 function of the
 system.

The second part of the paper
 discusses the results of the
 experiments. The results show
 that the system is capable of
 performing the required
 functions.



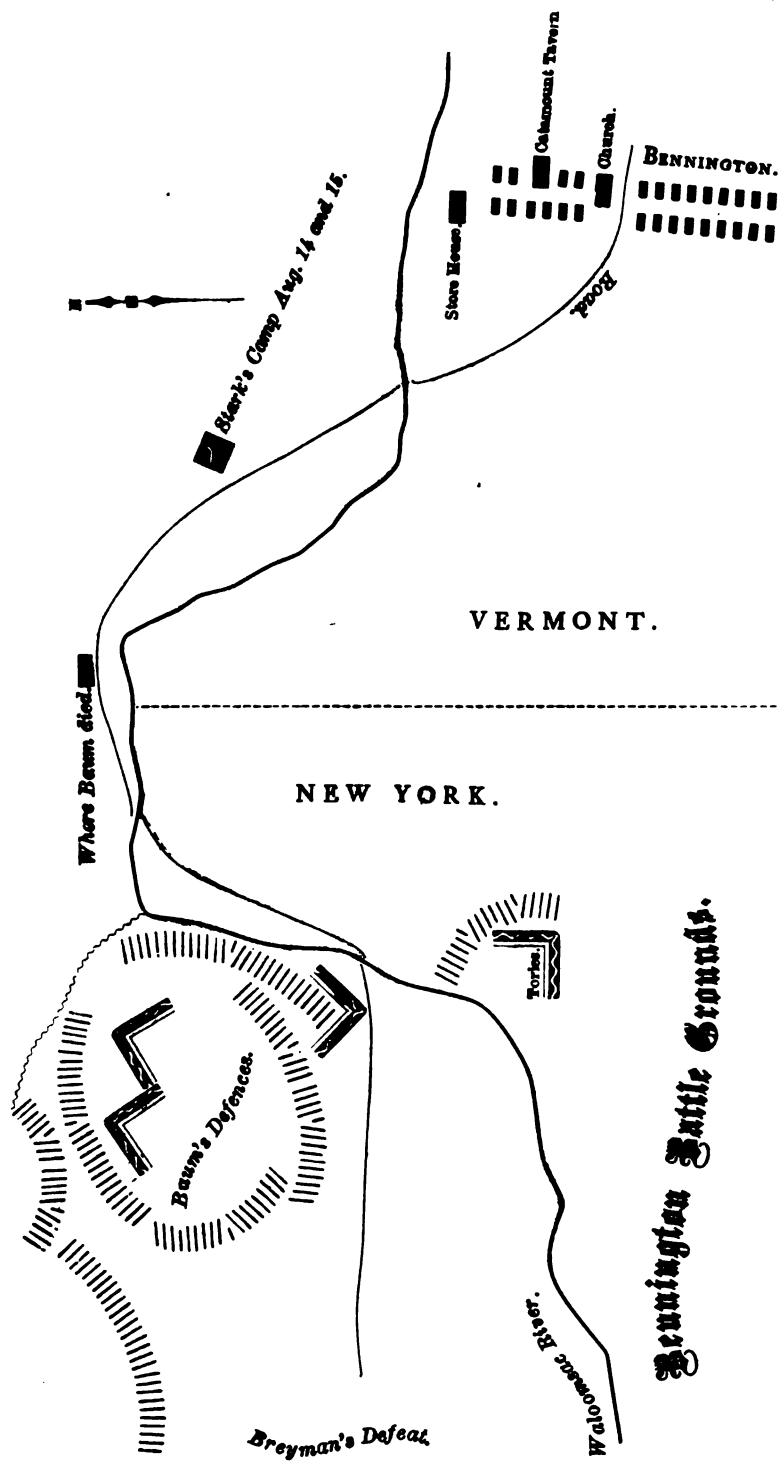
We are glad to hear that the 1000 copies have been ordered. The book is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for sale in a few days. The price is \$1.00 per copy, and the total cost of the edition is \$1000.00. The book is a valuable addition to the library of every student of the history of the United States.



Battle of Bennington

CENTENNIAL.

WE are living in the Centennial age of our national existence. One hundred years ago our ancestors were in the midst of that long and fearful contest in which life and liberty battled with tyranny and slavery; from which contest, wasteful and bloody as it proved to be, emerged the fair and comely proportions of a New Republic. It was a time that "tried men's souls" indeed, as the common language of the years has expressed the sentiment—for it was not only a time of breaking away from political ties and associations that had long existed, but also the breaking up of social affinities, and the severing of fraternal and kindred relationships, never more to be harmoniously re-united. These were the natural consequences of honest differences of opinion, no doubt,—but still consequences which reached to the profoundest depths of



feeling, and stirred the soul with a torture more poignant, even, than if resulting from other and baser causes. So, whether the sentiment of honor or the contrary emotion, placed friends and neighbors and kindred on the one side or the other of the line that divided the loyal from the disloyal, the trial of soul on the one or the contrary part must have been equally severe.

The sympathies of to-day, however, go out only towards the heroic fighters, the unselfish patriots and heroes, the patient sufferers, in field and hospital and prison-ship, who represented then the sentiments that have become universal in the present. We glory in their successes and mourn over their disasters, for while in spirit we have shared their victories and defeats, we have in reality entered into their labors and enjoyed the results to which these have attained in a century of development. The New Republic which they founded, with barely cohesion to hold its separate States in unity, its power hardly recognized a hundred miles inland from navigable waters, without commerce or manufactures, endured rather than respected among the world's nationalities,—is now reckoned among the Great Powers of the Earth, is a leader in the arts and ways of human progression, stretches her hand of power from sea to sea, sends her ships into every ocean laden with the results of her commercial and manufacturing industries, and successfully competes with the oldest and most favored nations in the markets of the world! The wildest dreams of the fathers never pictured such a future as this!

NOTES.



The Map of the battle-fields of Bennington on the preceding leaf, is not intended to be precise as regards measurement of distances. It is prepared from the ordinary type and rules of a printing office by the author, and is only designed to give an idea of the general situation of things a hundred years ago. In that part which represents Bennington Village, there is only the purpose to represent a settlement without reference to particular houses, other than those indicated by especial mention.

Bennington was named in honor of Gov. Benning Wentworth, by whom the town was chartered January 3d, 1749. The first settlement was made in 1761. Wentworth was the Royal Governor of New-hampshire.

The fight at Hubbardton was between Burgoyne's advance under Gen. Frazer, and the rear guard of St. Clair's army under Colonels Warner and Francis. The Americans numbered about 700 men, and lost in the combat Col. Francis and 324 killed, wounded and prisoners. St. Clair commanded at Ticonderoga, and it was upon his hafty, and as many thought cowardly, evacuation of that celebrated fortrefs that this disaster occurred.

Col. Warner was second in command in the Battles of Bennington. He was on the ground in advance of his regiment, which so opportunely arrived to secure the second victory. This regiment belonged to the regular Continental service, and was recruited from Massachusetts, New-hampshire and Vermont. We have called it a New-hamshire regiment because it was stationed at Manchester, N.H. and marched to Stark's assistance from that place.

Nevertheless, whether they saw or did not see these results, they have been and are the indications of that growth which their work and deeds began a hundred years ago. So we celebrate their eventful achievements in these Centennial Days! Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill received their ovation in 1875—the Evacuation of Boston, the immortal Declaration of Independence, the victory at Trenton, in 1876—and in this Year of Grace, 1877, comes the hundredth anniversary of that great triumph at Bennington, which startled the world into the belief that the cause of the American Colonies must inevitably triumph.

—ooo—

THE BATTLE.

The Bennington Battle, in the opinion of every writer who has considered the course of events that had preceded it, was the turning point of the war. For, though the American arms had had a measure of success, the substantial results of success seemed to remain with the enemy. During the few months that followed the commencement of Burgoyne's campaign, up to the time of this expedition to take possession of the stores at Bennington, there had been a steady train of disasters, the last of which had been the overwhelming defeat of the patriots at Hubbardton, the month previous, where the flower of Col. Warner's New Hampshire regiment had fallen in the attempt to stay the progress of the invading force.

NOTES.

—O—

Burgoyne's army consisted of 3724 British Regulars, rank and file, about 4000 Hessians, 250 Canadians, 473 artillery-men, 400 indians, besides several companies of tories recruited on the march. 1000 indians joined him at Skeenesboro. His force numbered, at the period the detachment was sent to Bennington, over 10,000 men. Of the above, 8000 were the best disciplined troops ever put in the field by Great Britain, and having the most splendid and numerous park of bronze artillery ever seen in America.

Gen. Schuyler, who commanded the Americans, had 2500 continentals, and less than 1000 militia, almost wholly without bayonets, to oppose the invasion.

Steadily Gen. Burgoyne pursued his own plans, having one of the finest and best disciplined armies that had ever taken the field on the American continent to execute his purposes. After arduous and wasting labors, which had reduced the stamina of a soldiery unaccustomed to the difficulties and hardships of a country comparatively a wilderness, Burgoyne had successfully reached Fort Edward, which had been abandoned by the Americans, and for a brief period busied himself with the attempt to better the condition of his army. For, in the long march and occasional combat, his horses had given out, his cavalry had to a great extent been dismounted, his provisions began to fail, and the condition of things seemed to require an effort to improve them, before starting on the final and grand march which was to unite his force with that of Sir Henry Clinton, then, as he believed him to be, on the way from New York. After the union of the two armies, and the Colonies divided in twain by the Hudson river as the result of that union, and New England separated from the central and southern members of the confederacy, it would become a comparatively easy task to conquer the disconnected parts, and bring the rebel colonies again into subjection to the crown.

Sir Henry Clinton did not perform the part designed for him in this plan, but marched his troops southward in a vain attempt to entrap and defeat the army of Washington. Why he did not cooperate with the army of Burgoyne was a mystery. A few years later the providential reason was discov-

NOTES.

—o—

The story of Lord St. Germaine's neglect to send the despatches, is told in several ways, but the gist of them all is the narrative in the text.

Glick, one of the German officers who accompanied Burgoyne, says,— "I have called it a desert country, not only with reference to its natural sterility, and heaven knows it was sterile enough, but because of the pains which were taken, and unfortunately with too great success, to sweep its few cultivated spots of all articles likely to benefit the invaders."

ered. He had not been informed of the plan, and ordered to take part in the movement! It seems his instructions and orders were all prepared by the British minister, but went into the pigeon hole of the minister's desk instead of by sea to him for whom they were intended; where they remained, forgotten but supposed to have been sent away, until discovered under the ministry of a succeeding administration. Burgoyne was thus left, like a half-pair of shears, to cut his way as best he might to that substantial and final success for which he took the field.

It had been the policy of the American General to obstruct the progress of the enemy he could not successfully oppose with the force under his command, by every available means. In furtherance of which, the country was gleaned of provisions and the growing and then ripening crops of the farmers were destroyed before the march of the invading army; bridges were broken down, the roads were made as nearly impassible as possible, and in every conceivable way the advance was obstructed, while the frontier militia hung like a cloud upon the skirts of the enemy, cutting off supplies and capturing all foraging parties not sufficiently strong to make a successful resistance. So, having reached Fort Edward, the British commander wisely halted until his war material had been safely brought together; and while waiting, fitted out the expedition under Col. Baum, to capture the extensive stores of provisions and munitions which the Colonial authorities had gathered at Bennington, for the use of the troops called to the front from the New England colonies.

NOTES.

—o—

The detachment sent upon the expedition by Burgoyne, numbered nearly or quite 1000 men of various arms. It is exceedingly difficult to ascertain with certainty the exact number. Joshua Bell, one of Burgoyne's officers, in a portion of his diary just published, puts Baum's force at "about 550 men." Burgoyne's report to the British ministry gives the same number. But Stark captured 750 prisoners, and killed 207, in the two actions, most of whom were taken or killed in the first fight. No authority we have consulted puts the prisoners of the 2nd battle at more than 100—night favoring the escape of most of the enemy. This would leave 650 prisoners, and the indians who fled at the beginning of the first battle, some fifty dragoons and chasseurs who escaped, and the large number killed, as the force of Baum. It must have numbered, as we have stated, nearly 1000 men. Breyman had 644 Germans, according to the German returns, and some irregulars, as Tories and Indians.

The American forces in both battles, as calculated from the best authorities, was about 2500 men, and these nearly all irregulars. General Stark had promised the spoil of the enemy to the victors, and this spoil was divided between a little less than 2500 claimants.

This expedition marched on the 12th of August, capturing a small party of Americans, with horses, wagons, carts, seventy-eight barrels of flour, a thousand bushels of wheat and twenty barrels of salt, at a grist-mill in Cambridge, on the 14th; and while pursuing a reconnoitering party under Col. Gregg, which slowly retreated before it, suddenly found itself confronted by a respectable force under Gen. Stark. Col. Baum was a good soldier, and was not to be surprised into a disadvantageous conflict, for he had learned from his prisoners that the force at Bennington was numerically superior to his own. So halting on a hill that commanded the valley through which he might expect his enemy to approach, he began fortifying his position, and sent back for reinforcements. Before he could safely establish himself in his position, he lost some thirty men in killed and wounded, without being able to inflict any damage upon the opposing foe. The Americans withdrew a couple of miles, where they encamped for the night, designing to attack the fortifications early on the coming morning.

This was the 15th of August, and the morning opened with a deluge of rain which continued through the day. To attack under such auspices was regarded as neither prudent nor desirable. And so while Colonel Baum and his Hessians exhausted their strength in continued labor at the fortifications, amid the pouring rain and without refreshing sleep, the Americans rested and prepared for the combat that was to be when the rain should cease and the sun again should shine down upon

NOTES.

—o—

MURDER OF MISS JANE MCCREA.

The murder of Miss Jane McCrea, by the indian followers of Burgoyne's army, was one of the incidentals that moved so powerfully upon the sympathies of the American troops, and infused into their hearts the determination that made them victors. The generally received history of the transaction, is, that this estimable young lady was engaged to a tory officer named Jones, who, fearing the lawlessness of the indian allies of the British army, sent two Chiefs who had control over them, to conduct her to the camp where she would find safety with her friends. While on the way these two indians quarrelled concerning the reward to be received for the service; and one of them, to prevent the other from sharing it, killed Miss McCrea with his tomahawk, scalped her, and left her body to the beasts and birds of prey, where it was subsequently found by her brother and tenderly buried. A prisoner of the indians, named Spalding, gives us another account of the affair. He says she was shot by one of the savages, the other taking her scalp, and he saw the deed done. The indians declared that they were pursued by a detachment of Americans from Fort Edward, who fired upon them, unfortunately killing Miss McCrea; that she being dead, and her scalp an uncommonly fine one, they took it, as something valuable to themselves as well as evidence of their faithful attempt to fulfil their engagement. However the manner of her death, the whole country was aroused, and out of this individual martyrdom came success and victory.

Miss McCrea was buried where she fell, and her remains rested in her comparatively obscure grave until about 1829, when the people of Fort Edward removed them to their public burial ground, and erected over them a suitable monument with appropriate public services.

What became of Capt. Jones (who had raised a company of tories for Burgoyne,) we have no especial knowledge; but we find that a Capt. Jones of the British army fell in one of the battles near Saratoga which resulted in Burgoyne's surrender. It is more than probable that he was the man, and so death very soon united the lovers in the land of spirits.

them. And all the while of this compulsory waiting, their numbers augmented, troop after troop coming in from every point of the compass and demanding to be led against the enemy. In this year of grace, 1877, it is difficult to understand how this rapid and early coming of organized companies could possibly have been,—how the call could go out, the men scattered over the sparsely settled country could be gathered into companies and marched to the front in such almost incredibly brief periods of time! These days of telegraph and railroad would hardly exceed those days of horse-express and a march on foot through rain and mire, in rapidity of response.

But then, we must remember the tremendous motives that moved men in those two days of peril. The Hessians, and the Indians who spared neither age nor sex, were at their doors. The murder of the unfortunate and beautiful Miss McCrea had just transpired, and every drop of patriotic blood literally boiled in the veins of the frontier settlers, and quickened the step of the most distant soldier marching to the rescue. It was life or death to those as dear as life, that put vigor in the step and determination in the hearts of the gathering hosts. They came to fight, and they meant to fight and conquer,—they meant to save their homes from the devastation of the Hessian soldiery, and their loved ones from the scalping knife of the merciless savage. With such incentives, who can wonder at the distant alarm, the long and speedy march, the hand-to-hand and face-to-face encounter, and the resulting success.

NOTES.



All pictures of Miss McCrea must of course be fancy sketches, as there is nothing extant other than a word description of her appearance, by which we learn that she was a young lady "fair to look upon, with a luxuriant growth of long dark hair hanging in ringlets down her neck." The above picture answers this description, and is probably as reliable as any.

Loffing, the historian, says that Jones and his brother deserted the army of Burgoyne and fled to Canada, where he led the life of a recluse until 1848, when he died at a great age. Of course Loffing does not know, but gives his opinion from gathered rumors or reports he deems worthy of credence. If it be a fact that Jones deserted the British army, it seems singular that he should flee to Canada, where he would be arrested and shot without mercy, if known. Loffing must be mistaken.

Lt. Col. Rossiter commanded the central and southern Berkshire militia, of which the "original fighting Parson," Rev. Thomas Allen of Pittsfield was Chaplain. The Parson rode in his sulky, which he thereby transformed into a veritable "Chariot of War!"

The real victory was won before a blow was struck or a musket discharged!

The morning of the 16th, a day to be ever memorable in the annals of American history, came at last. No fairer sunshine ever baptized the earth than poured its warmth and brightness upon the dripping fields of Bennington that August morning. No host on the eve of battle ever welcomed with greater joy the day of combat, than did these New England farmers, who that day were to reap in a field they had not sown, and gather a harvest they had not planted. There were Stark and Warner and Williams and Stickney and Herrick and Hubbard and Nichols and Brush and Simons, and Parson Allen, grim old warriors whose names were household words in the homes of the people and upon the frontiers where danger threatened. There were the New-hampshire volunteers, the men of old Berkshire and the Green Mountain boys! There patriotic age, determined manhood and sturdy youth had gathered, like eagles, to swoop down upon the devoted invader as upon a lawful prey already "given into their hands." And the work of preparation went on as the hours passed away—the dampened powder was carefully dried, the wet firelock was cleaned and prepared for the work it was to do,—priming-wire and brush, articles little known to our modern warriors, were brought into requisition,—flints were freshly picked,—rations were dealt out to the men and duly disposed of,—and all was ready! Then came the roll of the drum, the falling into line, the breaking into platoons, and the order

NOTES.



The Bennington victory was the first success of the American arms under the new battle flag which had been adopted by Congress on the 14th of July previous. Then it had 13 stars and 13 stripes—now it has 13 stripes and a star for each State in the Union.

The celebrated speech of General Stark, has as many versions as there have been writers upon the subject of the eventful battle.—Some have represented it as having been delivered on horseback, some from the elevation of a rail-fence, and some think from neither. It don't matter where from so much as what was then said by him; and exactly this is in doubt. Perhaps no man of all who heard him could recall his exact language—and very likely he himself could not do so. The general idea pervades all the versions, and that appears in the text.

Gen. Stark, in his account of the battle, says—"it was the hottest I ever saw in my life—it seemed like one continuous clap of thunder!" In the charge over the breastworks, says President Bartlett, "gigantic John McNeil strikes down four Hessians with his gun!" His deeds were but an illustration of the desperate onset and determination of the assailing force. The assailed lost 207 killed—the assailants had 30 killed and 40 wounded.

to march! "*Now, Boys, there is the enemy! WE MUST WHIP THEM! or to-night Molly Stark's a Widow!*"

Then Nichols and Herrick filed to the right and left, and silent as the steps of the hunter, sped swiftly through unseen paths to join in a determined attack upon the rear of the Hessian encampment. Cols. Hubbard and Stickney made a demonstration upon the Tory outposts, and Stark with his reserves kept up a marching and a counter-marching "to amuse the Germans" in front. Very soon the rattle of musketry announced that Herrick and Nichols were at work in the enemy's rear,—and very soon after the whole force, in conformity with the plan of battle, was hurled upon the foe. They assailed that fortified camp like mad-men,—they rushed upon the ferried ranks of those hireling Germans perfectly regardless of personal peril, and in the hand-to-hand encounter, fought, as Col Baum expressed it, "like devils!" They conquered; and the vanquished column that had purposed to plunder Bennington, was marched to that place as prisoners of war.

Hardly had the victorious Americans begun to realize the fullness of their victory, when a new danger arose. The reinforcements Baum had waited for were coming, just too late to help their comrades, but early enough to fight and win a new battle. The forces of Stark had scattered for rest and refreshment, and to gather up the plunder of the enemy's camp, when the news of their approach was received. Many of the men, it is said, had too freely refreshed themselves with the enemy's liquors

NOTES.

—o—

Many of the histories of the second fight represent it as having taken place on the same ground as the first—that while the Americans were scattered after plunder, Breyman came up and attacked them on the hill, and that the prisoners taken in the first fight turned upon their captors and added their prowess to the strength of the assailing enemy. (See Headley's life of Stark in "Washington and his Generals.") This is all a mistake, the mile or mile and a half intervening making all the difference in the world in the result of the second engagement. Had Breyman attacked the entrenchments under the conditions represented—of a surprise to the scattered and inebriated victors—the history of the affair would have been, beyond a doubt, that of a disastrous defeat of the Americans, the loss of Bennington and the stores there accumulated, and the possible and probable triumphant march of Burgoyne to Albany.

Col. Baum and Major Pfeister were carried to a house a mile towards Bennington, where, notwithstanding the best care that could be rendered them, they died a few hours after the battle. Maj. Pfeister was a tory from Hoosic, and commanded the tory volunteers under Baum.

Col. Breyman was killed soon after his escape from Stark, in one of the battles that preceded Burgoyne's surrender.

The Hessian prisoners were joined to the prisoners taken at Burgoyne's surrender, and were cared for by the Continental authorities. The Torys were treated more severely—were tied together, two-and-two, and attached to a long rope, and thus ignominiously marched to Bennington. The Committee of Safety long found them an anxiety and a burthen, and they were kept under the strictest surveillance. Some were guarded, some confined to their farms, and some were sent to the Simsbury mines, then the State Prison of Connecticut, from which they escaped by rising on the guard, disarming them, and with the captured weapons at shoulder, marching away in triumph to be heard of no more.

—but the new peril brought them to sobriety; the lines were hastily formed, and as fast as formed marched to meet the approaching enemy; and Col. Breyman who commanded the coming array of Hessians found himself confronted by a line of battle sufficiently strong to stay his progress. The distance from the place of the first fight was somewhere about a mile or a mile and a half, and the Americans came up and attacked in detachments, as they had hastily formed and hurried forward; the enemy fought in compact array, and his solid front moved steadily on the disintegrated attacking force, compelling it to give ground before his advance. It was the opportune arrival, at this juncture, of the New-hampshire troops of Col. Warner's regiment under command of Lt. Col. Safford, that placed the result of the second fight beyond a doubt; and ere the sun went down on that bright and glorious day, the enemy were driven, scattered, beaten, utterly vanquished, and only darkness prevented their capture or annihilation.

Considering all things, the American loss was small, "about 30 killed and 40 wounded." The British loss was "5 pieces of brass cannon, 100 stand of arms, 300 Hessian swords, eight brass drums, 750 prisoners, 207 killed on the spot, number of wounded unknown." Among the wounded was Colonel Baum, who died in a few hours after the battle.

The results of this victory are not to be calculated by the number of men and amount of material captured. They were more far-reaching than this. The intelligence spread through the country as by

the winds of heaven. Despondency changed to gladness, and the cloud of gloom which hung over the land was lifted. It needed not a prophet's tongue or pen to foretell, in the light of this achievement, the certain fate of Gen Burgoyne and his whole invading army. It succumbed at an early day to the inevitable, and the peril of the country passed away forever!

THE CENTENNIAL.

A hundred years have come and gone since this stirring campaign and this glorious victory; and on the 16th of August, 1877, the descendants of those who then fought and conquered, gathered amid the old places to celebrate the event—descendants not of blood but of inheritance, though descendants by blood were not wanting. Of course Vermont, her Governor and Legislature, her Judges and Congressmen and distinguished citizens, her war-veterans and her military forces were there—for she celebrated on the preceding day the Centennial of her State organization. The Governor and Legislature, civil authority and military of New-hampshire came, as grim John Stark came a century before, to aid and assist in the undertaking. The Executive, the Legislative and the Judicial representatives of Massachusetts, her Congressmen and her representative citizens, also made the pilgrimage, escorted by the most honored of her citizen soldiery, and over the line of march pursued by old Parson Allen and the fighting men of Berkshire a hundred years before.

N O T E S .

—o—

The Map on the preceding leaf was printed from the gelatine of the photo-electrotype process. It was found among the specimens in the hands of a curiosity hunter at Worcester, and it is not known to whose enterprise it is to be credited. It shows a plan of the Village of Bennington, with an enlarged view of the Centennial Grounds by its side. Revolutionary Bennington is seen as occupying but a small space at the top of the map, and No. 1 is the Wallowmac House which was kept by Capt. Dewey in 1777, and which was the scene of the Presidential reception in 1877; No. 2 is the site of the old Catamount Tavern; No. 3 the Burial Ground and Church; and No. 4 the Centennial Grounds. The place of the Stores and Store House which Baum was sent to capture is not indicated, but it was not far from the extreme right of the main street, beyond the Catamount Tavern and on the other side of the way.

In the enlarged plan of the grounds set apart for the Celebration, the "Reviewing Stand" is the place occupied by the President and Suite at the Great Review—the dotted line passing it indicating the route of the column of troops and war veterans reviewed.

In like manner was Connecticut represented—and New York—and Maine—and Rhode-island. To crown the whole of this proud display of the power and dignity of our country, came THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES and his CABINET of distinguished men !

The little village of Bennington may never again enjoy such a spectacle. Perhaps never again will her hospitalities be taxed as now. To feed and lodge and care for her 50,000 visitors, having representatives from nearly every State in the Union, was a gigantic undertaking for a hamlet of 5000 souls. Yet she accomplished this undertaking to the satisfaction of every reasonable visitor. Like the magic tent of the eastern Caliph, which enlarged and spread itself to suit the demands of the occasion, her resources multiplied to the extent of the emergency, and the result was a triumphant success.

The panoramic view of the village, the encampment, and the thronging multitudes was simply magnificent. The spectator from the summit of Mount Anthony could take in at a glance, the cosy cottage within its shadow where the Presidential party found quiet and rest a long distance from other habitations ; the village of Bennington Centre, (old Bennington,) and Bennington, whose beautiful residences from village centre to circumference were literally filled with their myriad guests ; and the tented field, where the military of four States were encamped, flanked by the tents of the Grand Army, the Great Tents where the services of the Celebration were to take place, and the thousand other tents

NOTES.



The battle-field, seven miles away, was visited this anniversary morning by a party of seven including the writer. It is supposed this was the only party that visited the ground that day. The surroundings were less warlike than a hundred years before—a flock of sheep occupying the field where the horde of Hessians had defiantly entrenched themselves. No remains of the fortifications are extant, no marked spot where the killed were buried—nothing to indicate the sanguinary combat of a century ago. A few canes were cut as mementos of the day and the visit, in all probability the only ones cut on the field that hundredth anniversary day.

Four grand daughters of Gen. Stark were present, among them Abby, who resided with him at the time of his death.

Two grand daughters of Col. Warner were also there, residents of the Province of Quebec.

Parson Allen was represented by his grandson, Rev. John Wheelock Allen of Connecticut, who offered the prayer at the celebration.

where the people had repofed in peaceful flumber with none to moleft or make them afraid. Thofe who faw, will not forget the beautiful picture which was here prefented to the vifion, with its background of mountain and hill-fide, and its framework of encircling horifon.

The day was ushered in by a falute from the very guns that a hundred years ago that morning, from the fortified heights of the Waloomfac, faluted old John Stark and his compatriots with a flhower of grape and canifter. Then, they fpake a flharp and fltern defiance—but this anniversary morning, their voices feemed the very utterance of a cheerful welcome as the echoes mellowed and melted together from hill and valley around. By-and-by, came the Grand Proceffion, winding its way among the flreets of the hofpitable village, under the triumphal arches, pafl the memorable flpots, and the decorated refidences, to the field of review and difmiffal, and the place where flpeech, both “flilvern and golden,” was to add its charms to the delights of the occafion.

It was a grand ovation which the crowded flreets prefented, and which found utterance in continuous cheering, as the carriage of the PRESIDENT approached and its occupant was recognized by the people—his manlike and well-developed figure filling the eye as the very perfonification of the power and place to which the people had called him. Then came the Cabinet, and a long retinue of Governors and Legislators, Judges, Senators and Representatives, men of national fame, whom the people delight

NOTES.

—o—



President HAYES said:—

“I am grateful for this greeting. I am greatly obliged to those who have had charge of this celebration, for their courtesy in giving me the opportunity to enjoy with them the ceremonies of the day. I am quite sure that none of us will ever forget this notable event—the Battle of Bennington—an event that contributed so much toward the national independence. I am sure we feel that it has been fully celebrated to-day. Think of the procession that we beheld only an hour or two ago—the citizen soldiery from Vermont, from Connecticut, and from Massachusetts! New-hampshire, *of course*, was there! (Applause.) But more touching and more interesting than them all, the long procession of the veterans of the Union Army—the survivors of the 1200 battles that saved the Union, and made liberty throughout the world possible. And what eye was not dimmed as he saw, proudly marching with his comrades, that maimed soldier walking with his crutch!

But, my dear friends, I must not detain you. I recognize that among the pages of the oration to which we have listened, packed full as each page was with interesting matter touching on the great event of one hundred years ago, no page was more valuable than that which referred to the minute men. If it was meritorious to be a minute man to fight in the cause of independence, is there not some merit in being a minute man now?” (Applause.)

to honor and would have delighted to know, had there been some means devised of breaking through the delicacy that hedged them in, and of saying to the people "this is the carriage of Secretary this, or Governor that, or General the other," and these following on foot are "the Judges and Congressmen and Legislators of Massachusetts," or of some other State. Then the people would have been satisfied, and ever after each could proudly say, "with my own eyes have I seen these men!"

Interspersed along the procession appeared representatives of the military arm of the States that joined in the celebration. Conspicuous among them were the "Veterans" from the home of Stark, in the likeness of the regimentals he wore, as dressed with the neatness and precision of the well-bred gentleman of a century ago, he went forth to win victory or an honorable grave. There were the "Phalanx" from Hartford, named for the Connecticut hero, Putnam, the friend and companion of Stark, and dressed in the uniform so fittingly worn by him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," the great Washington!—preceded by a corps of drummers and fifers whose shrill and appropriate music plainly said, in the spirit of the old-time song,

" We'll play them Yankee Doodle
As the Yankees did Burgoyne!
And we'll make them for to surrender,
As Old Stark did Col. Bau-um!"

Conspicuous in the procession were nearly five thousand of the survivors of Vermont's heroic reg-

N O T E S .

—o—

The Attorney General, Gen. DEVANS, told a story bearing on the events celebrated at this anniversary. He said:—"It was something more than thirty years ago that I, a young lawyer, was invited to deliver a 4th of July oration before my fellow citizens at Brattleboro. There were still up to that time a few of the survivors of the great revolutionary army, three or four of whom were waiting in the hotel where I was stopping, with my oration simmering inside of me, a great deal embarrassed as I am now. (Applause.) Constitutional bashfulness I shall never get over. There came in to these three or four old gentlemen a fine, hearty old gentleman, somewhat younger than they, but considerably over 70. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'I am not a revolutionary soldier, but should like to ride with the revolutionary soldiers to-day. I would like to explain my position, and ask if I have not a right.' Of course they readily gave him permission. He went on to say that when he was a boy about eight years old, his father kept a ferry somewhere on Lake Champlain—at Putnam or Windham, I think. There came to the river to cross, while his father was away and he was at home alone, two men, one of whom seemed of superior rank to the other. They were evidently soldiers, though there was little uniform worn by the men in revolutionary times. They wished to cross the ferry, and said they must cross. He said he was only a boy and could not row the boat across. If they assisted him he could not get back. They said they would help him to cross and some of the neighbors would help him back. He undertook it, and when he had crossed to the other side, he said to the superior gentleman, 'When my father comes home I should like to tell him who I have rowed across the ferry.' 'Well,' said he, 'you may tell him it was John Stark!' He said that six weeks after he heard of the battle of Bennington. 'And now,' said he, 'I have a claim, as I was the boy who rowed John Stark across the ferry to fight the battle of Bennington, and I should like to ride with you revolutionary soldiers.' Of course, they answered that he was a good enough revolutionary soldier for them, as he was but eight years old at the time of the battle."

iments in the late war, to whom the PRESIDENT paid a most feeling and graceful tribute in his brief speech following the Centennial Oration.

Need mention be made at length of the review of the soldiers and veterans of the late war, giving each man a chance to see the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES and his CABINET, and, as she was facetiously introduced, the "PRESIDENT'S MOLLY STARK !" Need mention be made here of the masterly oration of President Bartlett of Dartmouth College, of the speeches before and after the Dinner by the honored and trusted men of the time. Are not all these historic ? Are they not daguerreo-typed upon metal, multiplied by the printing prefs, and scattered wide in the land,

"Thick as leaves in Valambrofa ?"

The closing record of the day would seem to be made up by the gathering together of the historic incidentals of the place and the occasion.

IST. THE BATTLE-FIELDS. These lie about five miles from Bennington, as the crow flies, but seven miles by the travelled way. A hundred years have almost blotted out the memory of their location among the people of that goodly town ; and there are but a very few who can point them out to the curious visitor. The skirmishing on the 14th was along the valley of the Waloomfac, east, and within the line of Vermont, in which the Hessians lost 30 in killed and wounded. The place which Col. Baum fortified and where was fought the first battle on the 16th of August, 1777, is a hill of considerable elevation, and which shuts in the valley on the west and forms the military key to its possession. The Waloomfac

N O T E S .

—o—

Secretary EVARTS, who had made the longest speech of any man in America, said:—Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, it is fair that I should warn you, that although I am very slow in beginning a speech I am much slower in ending it, and I know that your only safety is in my retiring before I commence.”

Postmaster General KEY, who had been a confederate Brigadier, on being called on, said:—“My dear friends, this call is grateful to me. I do not accept it as a personal compliment to myself, but as an indication of fraternal feeling on the part of our Northern friends towards their ‘erring Southern brethren.’”

Mr. Key has been unmercifully abused by some of his thin-skinned southern friends for the above brief remark. Had the two quotation marks enclosing the three last words been placed in the printed report, as they manifestly should have been, there would have been no reason for their sensitiveness.



☛ The remaining pages of Notes will be devoted to incidents, anecdotes, &c., pertaining to the times of the battle, and having no especial reference to the text on the opposite pages.

Moses Robinson, a Colonel in the battle, was the second Governor of Vermont.

Rev. Jedediah Dewey was pastor of the Bennington church, and preached a war sermon on the Sabbath previous to the battle.

Capt Dewey of the Waloomsac Tavern was son of the minister.

The grave of Col. Nathaniel Bush, who commanded the Bennington militia, is unmarked and unknown.

Among the Berkshire troops there was a company of the civilized Stockbridge Indians, who were among the most valuable of Stark's scouts.

river bends around its front and in a measure protects its steep eastern side from approach. It lies within the lines of the State of New York as adjusted in later times, but in the limits of disputed jurisdiction at the time of the battle. The fight with Col. Breyman, who came to Baum's relief, took place the same day about a mile to the west of the place of the first battle, and near the railroad depot at North Hoofic. The mill at Cambridge, a few miles further west, is still standing and still used as a mill, where Baum captured five Americans and much flour and salt, writing to Burgoyne the news of his success on the head of a barrel within its doors. It is doubtful if Burgoyne ever received any portion of the capture.

2D. THE PLACE WHERE COL. BAUM DIED. This is or was a wooden house about a mile east of the battle-field, on the Bennington road. It is not now standing—but the cellar and the rubbish once comprising the structure still mark the place. Here Major Pfister, who commanded the Tories, was carried on the back of one of Stark's veterans, and died of his wounds within a few hours of his commander. Both were buried on the banks of the Walloom-sac, near by, but the place of their burial is now unknown.

3D. THE CAMP OF GEN. STARK on that rainy 15th of August, is about a mile or a mile and a half south of the Baum house, up the hill on the road to old Bennington. It is now an orchard—then a little clearing in the forest. Here it was that Parson Allen, as he rode up in the rain with his men of Berkshire, just in the edge of the evening, assured Stark that unless he "gave them a chance to fight this time, they never would turn out again!" He was asked if "he desired to march now, in the dark and rain!" "No, not just at this moment," said Allen. Then Stark assured him "that if the Lord would give them sunshine in the morning, he should have fighting to his heart's content!" and the old Parson went to his bivouac satisfied.

4TH. WHERE STARK MADE HIS SPEECH. This spot, as marked by the authorities, was some twenty rods from the place of encampment, and on the road where the line was evidently formed for the march. One authority says he was on horseback during its delivery. Another authority declares it to have been from the fence on the west of the road—"Stark leaped to the topmost rail,

NOTES.

—o—

Parson Allen fought as a private. When his regiment was about to attack the tory breast-work, he stepped forward within speaking distance and exhorted his misguided countrymen to surrender. The answer came in the guise of a volley of musketry. Considering his duty done as a clergyman and a man of peace, he made bare the arm of flesh, and proceeded to do his duty as a soldier in the "militant" sense. "Joe, you load and I'll fire!" he said to his young brother, because he was the better marksman of the two; and the tories found the new method of exhortation so conclusively convincing that they fled like sheep for the Hessian fold on the hill-top. His example was an especial inspiration to the Berkshire men. When asked if he supposed he had killed any of the enemy in the fight, "I don't exactly know that I killed any one," was the reply, "nor indeed how near I came to it. It was just this way—off some distance I observed a clump of bushes from which arose every now and then a little cloud of smoke, preceded by a momentary flash and the sharp report of a gun. I noticed too, that one of our men fell, either wounded or dead every time this phenomenon occurred, so I naturally concluded that something was wrong for our side. I loaded up very carefully, and fired into the midst of that clump of bushes. I am not certain, mind you, that I did really *kill* any one—but *I know I put out that flash!*"

Mr. Crittenden told with great gusto of a bushwhacking Vermont-er who joined the Berkshire troops just as the battle begun, saying, "I want to fight in the ranks of the bold Stark!" and he was told to fall in and fire. This he did with great zeal. The perspiration rolled off his face, but he loaded and fired with the best of them, remarking, "This is the hottest work I ever did!"

Lieut. Parker of Lenox has described the rout of the tories, who fled from their breastworks before the fierce attack of the patriots. They sought to climb the steep acclivity, and were shot down relentlessly. "I could not have helped laughing at the fight had I known I should be shot dead in a minute."

Capt. Samuel Robinson, who commanded a company in the fight, declared he had forfeited all claims to courage because he "dodged a bullet" on that occasion.

steadied himself by the tall post, and harrangued his troops in the well-known sentences, 'Now, my men, yonder are the Hessians! They were bought for seven pounds tenpence per man! Are you worth more? Prove it! To-night the American flag floats over yonder hill, or Molly Stark sleeps a widow!'"

5TH. THE CONTINENTAL STORE-HOUSE, which was the objective point of Baum's expedition, stood on the descending slope of the hill at the north end of the village, at the left of the road. It was a large structure, supposed to have been specially built for the purpose. It was cut up into two or three barns and thus disposed of after the war. A dwelling-house, called the "Fassett House," occupied its site up to and after the Centennial Celebration. It was burned down Nov. 18, 1877, the fire supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

6TH. THE MEETING-HOUSE, where the Hessian prisoners were confined, stood partly in front of the present church at Bennington Centre. It appears to have been wholly upon the common, with roads all around it. The prisoners were so numerous, it is said, that the timbers of the building creaked under the great pressure, frightening them into a rush out of doors to escape from the falling edifice. The guard, thinking this panic a mutiny, and a purpose to escape, and not understanding the Hessian outcry of danger, fired upon them, killing several and wounding more. This guard was composed of Worcester men belonging to a company commanded by Capt. Jesse Stone of Auburn, Mass., and this is a tradition which comes down from them. They arrived at Bennington the day after the battle, and were put in charge of the prisoners that the tired fighters might rest. They had been ordered to the army at Ticonderoga, but that post having fallen before they reached it, they were sent back to reinforce Gen. Stark, with whom they served out the time of their enlistment.

7TH. THE CEMETERY, by the side of the present Church, contains the graves of many of the conspicuous heroes of the fight. Also, the unmarked graves of the Hessians who were killed in the panic at the meeting-house, and those who died in the hospital after the battle.

8TH. THE PLACE OF THE HOSPITAL.

NOTES.

—o—

One historian has represented Gen. Stark as having had a horse shot under him in the battle. The following is an advertisement which appeared in the Connecticut Courant of Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1777, and it shows what happened to the horse in the fight:

TWENTY DOLLARS REWARD.

STOLE from me the subscriber, from Walloomcock, in the time of action, the 16th of August last, a brown MARE, five years old, had a star in her forehead. Also, a doe skin seated saddle, blue housings trim'd with white, and a curbed bridle. It is earnestly requested of all committees of safety and others in authority, to exert themselves to recover said thief and mare, so that he may be brought to justice, and the mare brought to me; and the person whoever he be, shall receive the above reward for both, and for the mare alone one-half of that sum. *How scandalous, how disgraceful and ignominious must it appear to all friendly and generous souls to have such sly, artful, designing villains enter into the field in the time of action in order to pillage, pilfer and plunder from their brethren when engaged in battle.*

JOHN STARK, B. D. G.

Bennington, 11th Sept, 1777.

It is very possible Gen. Stark may have been mistaken in supposing that his horse was stolen by somebody whose "brethren were engaged in battle" on the American side. Is it not most likely that it was taken by some skulking indian on retreating tory, who according to the laws of war, legally captured it and escaped.

A Mr. Crittenden, who was in the battle, and who was a man of character and social standing in Bennington 35 years ago, said that a British officer's wife was shot while crossing the bridge over the Walloomfac on horseback. She had been sent out to reconnoitre, and was shot on her return. She had undertaken to perform the duty of a soldier, and having obtained intelligence too important to be carried to her commander, she was arrested in her endeavor by a musket ball. She fell as a soldier in doing a soldier's duty.

A soldier said of the hardships of the day: "My company lay down and slept in a cornfield near where we fought, with the hills of corn for pillows. When I awoke next morning I was so beaten out that I could not get up till I had rolled about a good while."

9TH. THE CATAMOUNT TAVERN, so named because it had a stuffed catamount, which the owner shot while marauding on his calf pen, upon its sign post for a sign, with the head turned defiantly toward New York. This Tavern was the head-quarters of the Committee of Safety, the Executive power of Vermont in the times of the battle. It was here the Hessian officers were entertained. A fine picture of the house, as it was in 1869, is extant. It has since been burned. A granite monument stands before the ancient site, to be surmounted by a brazen catamount in memory of this celebrated hostelry.

10TH. THE WALOOMSAC HOUSE, kept in the revolutionary days, by Capt. Elijah Dewey, who commanded a company in the battle. It was the rendezvous of Stark and Allen and the leading patriots of that period.

11TH. The spot where lived ETHAN ALLEN, who took "Old Ti. in the Name of God Almighty and the Continental Congress!"

12TH. The places where stood the Whipping-post and Pillory, by means of which ancient rascals received their deservings.

13TH. Where Redding was hung in June, 1777. David Redding was a tory, and was executed for "enemical conduct," which undoubtedly consisted in treasonable communication with the enemy.

From places of interest we pass to the consideration of things,—relics of the battle, preserved with care, and kept in memory of their heroic owners. Most that we mention were on exhibition on the day of the Centennial, but all are extant and their history well authenticated.

1. THE SWORD OF GEN. STARK, now in possession of Col. W. S. B. Hopkins of Worcester, Mass., into whose hands

NOTES.

—o—

Of the 30 American dead Berkshire lost her full share—two from Williamstown, Bacon and Johnson—two from Lanesboro, Lieuts. Abel Prindle and Isaac Nash, supposed to have been shot by Solomon Bennett a tory neighbor—and three from Hancock, Vaughn, Gardner and Sweet.

The Lanesboro' town records contain the following quaint notices of their fallen heroes :

“ Lieut. Isaac Nash of Lanesborough in the county of Berkshire and State of Massachusetts Bay, departed this life on the 16th of August, Anno Christ. 1777, after being shot through the body at Bennington, supposed to be done by Solomon Bennett, a neighbor and townsman of his, a Tory, who like Judas Iscariot had turned to the enemy and betrayed his friends, who a few hours after he received his mortal wound, patiently resigned his soul into the hands of Almighty God that gave it, and left his friends and countrymen to bemoan his unhappy fall, as likewise so good a friend to the American cause. In his death his wife lost a kind husband, his children a tender parent, his friends a good member of society, and his country a good friend. But we mourn not as one having no hope, for we have reason to believe that he hath exchanged an earthly tabernacle for an heavenly diadem.

“ Lieut. Abel Prindle of Lanesborough, in the county of Berkshire, and state of Massachusetts Bay, departed this life on the 16th of August, Anno Christ. 1777, being shot through the head at Bennington fight, supposed to be done by one Solomon Bennett, a Tory neighbor and townsman of his, who had turned to the enemy, and was found under arms and taken prisoner at Bennington fight, who confessed he had done his best endeavor to kill his neighbors. The poor man not only received his mortal wound by this infidel, but was taken out of time and sent into the eternal world of spirits instantaneously. that is not having one moment's time to think or prepare himself for his great change ; but we have reason to believe that God will be merciful to those who die in so good a cause. Thus departed this life as good a friend to the American cause, perhaps, as ever yet was born, and we trust there is laid up for him a crown of glory.”

it came by inheritance of his wife. It is a beautiful weapon of Spanish manufacture and of the style of the times,—just such a sword as a particularly neat and dressy officer, such as Stark had the reputation of being, would especially prize. Accompanying this sword, was Stark's military account book while a Captain in Maj. Roger's Regiment of Rangers in the old French war.

2. THE SWORD OF COL. BAUM, brought from the battle field by David Robinson, is now in possession of one of his descendants, Geo. W. Robinson, Esq., of Bennington. Col. Baum's hat, taken by Lieut Jewett, is said to be now in possession of parties at Weybridge. Mr. Robinson also has Col. Baum's Camp Kettle, a most unique affair, curiously constructed. How it was used is a mystery to this day.

3. THE SWORD of Col. Thomas Stickney. It was worn on the occasion of this Centennial Celebration by Col. Jonathan E. Proctor, on the Staff of the Governor of New-hampshire. It is now owned by a grandson of Col. Stickney, Mr. Joseph Stickney of Wilkesbarre, Pa.

5. A brass-mounted SWORD carried by Lieut. Nash, who was mortally wounded in the battle. It is now in possession of the Vermont Historical Society. Also, the cavalry Sword of Elijah Fay.

6. THE MASSACHUSETTS TROPHIES. The Brass Drum, Musket, Cavalry Sword and Grenadier Cap, from the Senate Chamber of Massachusetts, presented to the State as trophies of the Bennington Battle by Gen. Stark.

7. THE VERMONT TROPHIES. The Brass Drum, Cavalry Carbine, Sword and Canteen, presented to the State of Vermont as souvenirs of the battle.

Similar trophies were sent to New-hampshire, which cannot be found. Roby's history of General Stark, published at Concord in 1831, says, "many years ago the articles were known to be boxed and in the care of the Commissary General. Inquiry has lately been made at Portsmouth, and the articles cannot be found! It is reported that they were sold at auction several years ago!"

NOTES.

—o—

We remember to have seen the following in some one of the reading books used in the schools forty years ago :

" Another tory was Richard Jackson. He had conscientiously adopted the British side, and, though he had not apparently reached Baum's forces when he was captured, admitted himself to be a tory. He was taken to Great Barrington, then the shire town of Berkshire, and given over to Gen. Fellows the high sheriff. The county jail was a weak place, but Jackson not only did not attempt to escape but was allowed by the sheriff to work outside the jail limits during the day, he returning regularly at night. Gen. Fellows, who knew his perfect honesty, permitted this course to continue during the fall and winter. In May, Jackson was to be tried for high treason at Springfield, and as the sheriff was preparing to take him there, the prisoner suggested that he could save him that trouble by going on foot and alone. This was permitted and Jackson began his tramp. He was met in the Tyringham woods by Timothy Edwards, who asked him where he was going. "To Springfield, sir, to be tried for my life!" was the answer, and the honest fellow delivered himself to the authorities, was tried, convicted and condemned to death. The Council of Massachusetts, at this time the supreme executive of the state, was asked to pardon Jackson. The facts in the case were stated, and the question was asked each one, "Shall a pardon be granted to Richard Jackson?" One after another of the members spoke against a pardon as impolitic at a time when an example of severity seemed to be needed. Mr. Edwards gave his opinion last, and in giving it stated the incident of meeting Jackson in the woods of Tyringham. It took the Council by surprise, and affected them to tears. "Surely," said one, "such a man as this should not be sent to the gallows!" and the pardon was unanimously granted.

8. TWO BRASS CANNON in the possession of the State of Vermont, which were captured from Baum and Breyman. The salutes of the day were fired from these pieces. The two other cannon captured in the Bennington battles, were surrendered to the British at Detroit, in the war of 1812. The American inscription upon them, "Taken at Bennington, August 16, 1777," was supplemented by the British in an additional line, "Retaken at Detroit, August 16, 1812." They were carried by the British to Fort George, on the Niagara River, and again taken by the American forces when that fortress was captured. In 1831 these guns were at Washington. Where they are to-day, is an undetermined and unanswered question.

9. TWO POWDER HORNS, one of which was picked up on the battle field immediately after the battle by Samuel Culver, on which are portrayed in exquisite workmanship, almost every military post from New York city to the northern-most sources of the Hudson river. Presented by J. McBreen, Esq., of Wells, Vt.

10. A PUNCH BOWL, brought to the Catamount Tavern by the British officers confined there as prisoners of war, and left by them on their departure.

11. PORTRAITS,—of Col. Simonds, who led the Berkshire militia; David Robinson and Samuel Safford, soldiers in the battle; Samuel Fay of the Catamount Tavern; Benjamin Harwood, the first white child born in Bennington; and a splendid painting of Col. Noah Lee, who commanded the Americans at the battle of Skeensboro', (now Whitehall,) capturing Col. Skeene, the tory leader, and dispersing his forces.

12. A FEW SHREDS OF SILK from the Battle-flag of the Hessian Dragoons, captured at Bennington, in the possession of Rev. R. M. Luther of Bennington, and presented to him by C. J. Gillis, Esq., of New York, a grandson of Gen. Stark. Mr. Gillis has a small piece of the flag, with a portion of the lettering on it. It has never been out of the family, coming to him from his mother a daughter of Gen. Stark.

13. CANNON BALLS, and SHOT, fired from the guns on exhibition and found on the battle field.

NOTES.



"MOLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON!"

Down at Hancock, the wife of Lieut. James Smith walked the high mountain at the northeast of the town during the day, listening to the roar of the far-off battle. As night approached, the wife felt a presentiment of her husband's safety and speedy return. She hastened home and said, "Molly put the kettle on, for Jamie's coming home to-night!"—and so he did, having been granted a furlough for one night.

John Fay, who was a great favorite among the Bennington people was shot in the middle of his forehead. His last words were "I feel I am fighting in a good cause." The cry, "John Fay is dead!" roused his comrades to fury—they rushed upon the enemy, stormed the breastwork, and contributed by their headlong and revengeful valor to the great result.

Leonard Robinson was a "dead shot," and pious withal. Every time he fired upon a foe he "prayed God to have mercy on the man's soul, and then he took care of his body."

Jesse Field said the attack on Breyman's men was like firing into a flock of sheep. The Americans were protected by trees and could mow down the enemy.

Eleazer Hawks was at home with his sick wife when the firing began. He took his musket and fought on his own hook, as did hundreds of others.

14. A PAINTING of the Village of Bennington as it was in 1799, formerly owned by Capt. Dewey and now owned by John Vandespiegel, Esq., of Bennington. It has the Old Meeting-house, Court House and about 30 other buildings represented.

15. OTHER RELICS exhibited, and not particularly connected with the event celebrated :

1. A 12-pound cannon ball found upon the field at Fort George ; a musket ball found in the debris of old Fort Dummer at Charlestown, N. H., probably fired by the enemy in the old French war ; two red coats ; side arms worn by musicians ; a chapeau worn in his early days by Gen. David Robinson ; a map of Vermont, drawn by Whitlaw in 1796, found at the residence of Ethan Allen ; pay-rolls and commissions more than a century old ; valuable papers relating to the Allen family ; a mammoth family bible, belonging to the Brandt family of Hoofick, N. Y., containing a family record for 200 years.

2. A TABLE, made apparently of African rosewood, very dark and beautiful. It came over in the Mayflower. It was the property of the father of *Peregrine White*, the first child born at Plymouth. It is now owned by Superintendent Hobart of the Vermont Central Railroad, and is exhibited by Rev. R. M. Luther.

3. A CARVING KNIFE, fashioned from a sword of General Israel Putnam, the ivory handle being the original sword-grip. This sword was divided into two parts by two of his sons, the older taking the handle and upper part of the blade. This, with the more than usual utilitarianism of New England, he ground down into a very poor carving knife. It is owned by Mrs. Dr. Morgan of North Adams, Mass. Exhibited by Rev. R. M. Luther.

4. AN ENGLISH MUSKET, captured from one of Pitcairn's marines at Bunker Hill by William Billings of North Stonington, Conn. He was bayoneted by the marine and brought to the ground ; an American officer passing on the retreat cut the Englishman down with his sword ; Billing's comrades dragged him away, he clinging to the gun, which he used through the war. It is a very fine specimen. It has the mark of a sabre-cut on the barrel. Its present owner is Rev. R. M. Luther of Bennington, who has a list of its possessors from the original William Billings down.

Mr. Luther has also an original Deed by William Penn, and an autograph letter and cheque of General Henry Lee, the father of the rebel commander-in-chief in the late civil war.

NOTES.

—o—

MR. BRYANT'S ODE.

The following Ode was written by the venerable WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, for the occasion of the Centennial Celebration. Although an octogenarian, his words have the martial ring of the man of forty, who has seen bayonets crossed and fields lost or won.

On this fair valley's grassy breast,
The calm, sweet rays of summer rest,
And dove-like peace benignly broods
On its smooth lawns and solemn woods.

A century since, in flame and smoke,
The storm of battle o'er it broke,
And, ere the invader turned and fled,
These pleasant fields were strewn with dead.

STARK, quick to act and bold to dare,
And WARNER's mountain band were there,
And ALLEN, who had flung the pen
Aside to lead the Berkshire men.

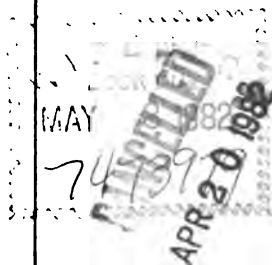
With fiery onset—blow on blow—
They rushed upon the embattled foe
And swept his squadrons from the vale,
Like leaves before the autumn gale.

Oh never may the purple stain
Of combat blot these fields again,
Nor this fair valley ever cease
To wear the placid smile of peace.

Yet here, beside that battle-field,
We plight the vow that, ere we yield
The rights for which our fathers bled,
Our blood shall steep the ground we tread.

And men will hold the memory dear
Of those who fought for freedom here,
And guard the heritage they won
While these green hill-sides feel the sun.

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT
RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR
BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.





3 2044 097 905 749